

## Beyond the Frontier

A Romance of the Western Wilderness  
and of Two Eighteenth Century Lovers

By Randall Parrish

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**SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.**  
Adele is a French girl, living with her uncle, Monsieur Chevet, a Frenchman, who has been a soldier in the French army. He is now a merchant in the city of St. Louis. Adele is a beautiful girl, and she is in love with a young man named Casson. Casson is a Frenchman, and he is a soldier in the French army. He is now a merchant in the city of St. Louis. Adele is a beautiful girl, and she is in love with a young man named Casson. Casson is a Frenchman, and he is a soldier in the French army. He is now a merchant in the city of St. Louis.

## CHAPTER VII.

(Continued.)

## We Exchange Confidences.

"Do not break down, little girl," he entreated. "It is better so, for now we understand each other."

You sought to shield me, and I endeavored to protect you. I was a strange misunderstanding and, but for the accident to the canoe, might have had a tragic ending."

"You would never have told me."

"Of seeing you there? Of suspecting you? Could you think that possible?"

"But you would have been condemned; the evidence was all against you."

"Let us not talk of that now," he insisted. "We have come back to a faith in each other. You believe my word?"

"Yes."

"And I yours."

"His hand clasped tightened and there was that in his eyes which frightened me."

"No, no, Monsieur," I exclaimed, and drew back quickly. "Do not say more, for I am here with you alone, and there will be trouble enough when Casson returns."

"Do I not know that," he said, yet, his hands, still, I could not do harm to me to understand each other. You care nothing for Casson; you dislike, despise the man, and there is naught sacred in your marriage. We are in the wilderness, not Quebec, and La Barre has little authority here. You have protected me with your silence—was it not because you cared for me?"

"Yes, Monsieur; you have been my friend."

"Your friend? Is that all?"

"Is that not enough, Monsieur? I like you well; I would save you from injustice. You could not respect me if I said more, for I am Monsieur Casson's wife by right of Holy Church. I do not fear him—he is a coward; but I fear dishonor, Monsieur, for I am Adele la Chesnaye. I would respect myself, and you."

The light of conquest vanished from his gray eyes. For a moment he stood silent and motionless; then he drew a step backward and bowed.

"Your rebuke is just, Madame," he said soberly.

"We of the frontier grow careless in a land where night is right, and I have had small training save in camp and field. I crave your pardon for my offense."

So contrite was his expression I had to smile, realizing for the first time the depth of his interest in my good will; yet the feeling which swayed me was not altogether that of pleasure. He was not one to yield so quietly, or to long restrain the words burning his tongue, yet I surrendered to my first impulse, and he smiled.

"There is nothing to pardon, Monsieur de Artigny," I said frankly. "There is no one to whom I owe more of courtesy than you. I trust that you will believe my word, and in return I ask the same faith. Under the conditions confronting us, we must aid each other. We are both in a perilous position in this endeavoring to shield one another from suspicion, and, as a result, are both equally in peril. Our hands alone together, but we will use all his power for revenge. My testimony will only make your case more desperate, and you might cast suspicion upon me."

"You do not believe I would?"

"No, I do not, and yet, perchance, it might be better that you should make full confession. I hesitate merely because Casson would doubt my word; would conclude that I merely sought to keep you from him, and others—fair-minded judges at St. Louis—I should have no hesitancy in telling the whole story, for there is nothing to be gained by silence. I am ashamed, but here, where Casson has full authority, such a confession would mean your death."

"He would not dare; I am an officer of the French army," he said.

"The more reason why he would. I know Monsieur Casson even better than you do. He has conversed with me pretty freely about his wife, and made clear his hatred of La Salle, and his desire to do him evil. No fear of your chief will ever deter him from his course."

"He believes that you feel interest in him. He has never denied it; the fact which riddles, however, is his knowledge that I feel no interest whatever in him. But we waste time. Our chief course is a discovery of Hugo Chevet's real murderer. Know you anything to warrant suspicion?"

De Artigny did not answer at once, his eyes looking out at the white crested waters of the lake.

"No, Madame," he said at length gravely. "The last time Chevet was happy in life centered in this one fact; while between us arose the shadow of Casson, my husband. True I loved him not; true I was to him wife and not lover, yet no less a fact, was a thing of shame, yet no less a fact, was a thing of shame."

"It was already quite dark."

"They did not arrive together, and Casson reported that Chevet had remained at the beach in charge of the

canoe."

"You saw Casson when he arrived?"

"Yes, and before; I was at the window, and I saw him approach across the open space. He was alone, and appeared at ease."

"What did he do, and say, after he entered the house?"

"Absolutely nothing to attract notice; he seemed very weary, and, as soon as he had eaten, lay down on the bench, and fell asleep."

"Are you sure he slept?"

"I felt no doubt; there was nothing strange about his actions, but as soon as possible I left the room. You surely do not suspect him?"

"He was the last to be seen with Chevet; they left the beach together, yet the murdered man failed to appear at the Mission House, and Casson, falsely reported, left him in charge at the beach."

"But no one could act so indifferent, after just committing such a crime. When you looked in through the window, what did you see?"

"Only the priests about the table talking, and Casson seemingly sound asleep. Could there be any reason why he should desire the death of Chevet?"

"I know of none. My uncle felt bitter over the concealment of my fortune, and no doubt he too had exchanged words, but there was no open quarrel. Chevet was rough and headstrong, yet he was not killed in fight, for the knife thrust was from behind."

"A coward's blow. Chevet possessed no papers of value?"

"I shook my head."

"If so, no mention was ever made to me. But, Monsieur, you are still wet, and must be cold in this wind. Why do you not build the fire, and dry your clothing?"

"The wind does have an icy feel," he admitted, "but this is a poor spot, if you wish to sit in the shade of the trees, and there is a better outlook for the canoe. Have you strength now to climb the bluff?"

"The path did not appear difficult and it is dreary enough here. I will try."

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## Such Is Life

By Maurice Ketten

HYGIENIC RESTAURANT

LET'S GO IN THIS RESTAURANT EVERYTHING IS SCRUPULOUSLY CLEAN—IT'S THEIR GREAT POINT

ROLLS FOR TWO

YES, CAP

ONE TWO THREE

ONE TWO

ONE TWO

ONE TWO

PUT THEM ROLLS IN INDIVIDUAL PAPER BAGS. IT'S THE RULE OF THE HOUSE

O, YES, CAP. I FORGOT

YOU SEE HOW CLEAN THEY ARE—EVEN THE ROLLS ARE SERVED IN PAPER BAGS. NO HAND TO TOUCH 'EM BUT YOUR OWN

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